

7/6.

H Y M N

TO THE C H A I R:

O R,

LUBRICATIONS, *Serious and Comical,*

On the Use of Chairs, Benches, Forms, Joint-Stools, Three-Legged Stools, and Ducking-Stools. The Hint taken from the *Craftsman* of the 6th Instant, and improv'd for the Benefit of those who sit on Chairs of Ease, and those who sit upon Thorns and Nettles. — In a particular manner is handled with all due Reverence and Respect,

The Chair of St—e.
The Chair of the House of Commons.
The L—d Ma—'s Chair.
The tottering Charitable Corporation Chair.
The Bench of Justices Chair.
The *East-India* Chair.
The *South-Sea* Chair.
The *Greenland* Chair.
The Mechanick Chairs.

The Sedan Chair.
The Easy Chair.
The Maundering Chair.
The Fornicating Chair.
The *Cambridge* Chair.
Several Imaginary Chairs.
The Couch Chair.
The Duke of *Venus*' Chair.
Corporation Chairs.
Trading Justices Chair.
Dr. *Busby*'s Chair.

To which are added

The Beauties and Advantages of other necessary Utensils to rest the Bum upon, and ease the Mind, the Body, and the Breeches.

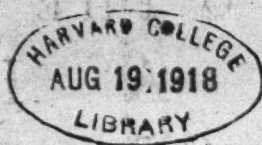
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III



G. F. Parkman fund

H Y M N

T O T H E

C H A I R.

HAIL! Chair of State; thy Praise I sing;
 Accept the Tribute which I bring
 To thee, thou Easer of a King,

Or Emp'ror.

The Man that does not compliment

Thee as an easy Instrument,

By Law should suffer Punishment,

Exemplar.

The waggish Punsters may divert
~~Themselves, and think they're very smart,~~

In calling thee a Stifle Fart,

A Or Phizzle:

But such are only full of Wind,
 And savour most of Wit behind,
 And should have that for Fools design'd,

A Pizzle.

How wise and noble looks a Mayor,
 Plac'd in the City's awful Chair,
 When he does learned Truths declare,

In Scarlet!

The Words from Chair are Statute Law,
 Which strike the Guilty with an Awe,
 And Tears from hardned Fountains draw,
 From Harlot.

Th' Appearance strikes an awful Terror,
 (For to be cover'd is an Error)
 And all are list'ning to the Swearer

's Story:

The

The guilty *Culprit* shakes for Fear,
 And down on's Marrow-bones to th' Chair,
 And begs he may not dance i' th' Air,
 A Boree.

A Chair above this Chair, tho' Wood,
 Is worshipp'd like a Wooden God,
 From which a condescending Nod,
 A Grace is;

And from it a vindictive Frown
 Does often strike the Guilty down,
 When scandalous, they can't disown,
 The Case is.

The Man who wounds you when he smiles,
 And keeps his Station by his Wiles,
 And reasons best when he beguiles,
 Like Smugler,

Was reprimanded from this Chair,
 For some Transactions very bare,
 A deep Design to cheat an Heir,
 A Jugler.

But

But so enchanting his Defence,
His Guilt appear'd like Innocence,
The Chair did not expel him thence,
But check'd him.

The Zealous in another Affair,
In which, he fits himself in Chair,
Took this Advantage, but none there
Detect him.

A Rod of *Birch*, design'd for Smart,
That basely lash'd a tender Part
With *Silver Tongue*, was one in Heart,
A Bond too;

Drawn with a villanous Design,
In this as Instrument did join,
But G—— the Plots did undermine,
And conn'd too:

And both, for Crimes and Misdemeanours,
Were banish'd by the honest Seigniors,
Who for the Chair cannot be Screeners,
Or double:

Then

Then who'd be backward to declare
 The Honour of this mighty Chair,
 Where all is just, and all is fair,

And Noble?

A Star, tho' in the highest Sphere,
 Which one would think above the Chair,
 Before it trembling did appear,

To shew, Sir,

Why he with others did agree,
 Under Pretence of Charity,
 To cheat the poor industrious Bee,

Like Jew, Sir.

He's dull, that does not know, and — Grant,
 A Villain would be thought a Saint,
 The Negroes white the Devil paint,

It's Natural;

But he that comes before the Chair,
 Must what he is, in fact appear,
 'Twill be of little Service there

To flatter all,

Saint

Saint *Dennis* told the Chair of Wonders,
That he had done — and others Blunders,
Or worse — were not his, but the Founders

O'th' System.

The Sons of *Jack*, and *Tom*, and *Robin*,
Were Artists most expert at Bobbing,
And crept aside, whilst others sobbing,
Pist'em.

The Chair examin'd strictly, who
Did most the Hellish Act pursue,
Trade, and th' Unhappy to undo;

And order'd,

That all Confed'rates in the Bubble,
Should open lay to lawful Trouble,
And from the Chair be swept like Stubble,
'ts recorded.

The Chair o'th' *Charitable Corporation*,
Is now upon a Reformation,
And must submit to a Translation,

True 'tis;

And

And if from Oak, it's made of Fir,

It will not be so hard to stir,

And for the Bum much easier,

Than now 'tis.

Now pass we to a Chair inferior,

Where learn'd Sir *John* does ease Posterior,

Till both his Lungs and Tongue are wearier

Than *Stentor's*:

Not that he meanly talks 'em off,

Like poor *Non-Con*, for Chops and Broth,

Or stretches Article-like Cloth

On Tenters.

Religion, Law, and Reason, all

From him, and from his Chair does fall;

But most he does poor *Huffies* maul,

Of *Drury*;

And little Libellers, Grubbeans,

That sing us merry *Io Pæans*,

Are mark'd for wicked Ways and Means,

To th' Jury.

The Jury then a Sense declare,
Of learned Justice from the Chair,
And 'gainst Enormities declare,

In Number,

Tho' some who in the Humour leap,
And own the Speech was high and deep,
Did all the time, or nod, or sleep,
Or slumber.

Thus Sir *John's* Chair is thought as wise
As any Chair i'th' Land, o'th' Size,
And holds what often does surprise

The Hearers.

What valuable Chairs beside,
Are there for Profit, and for Pride,
Where Corporations do reside
Each Sharers?

There is the Golden *India* Chair,
So very rich, that you would swear
Diamonds and Gold were hoarded there,
In Barrels.

The

The frigid Northern *Russia* Chair,
First seated with the Skin of Bear,
Is now too much expos'd to Air

By Quarrels.

And there's the Chair, of Silver made,
Tho' it is oft' in Masquerade,
It came from where the Ships they lade
With Money.

This Chair for Eloquence is famous,
Tho' he must be an *Ignoramus*
That's blind when some contrive to tame us
With Honey.

The Chair which came from *Hudson's* Bay,
Tho' it has not the greatest Sway,
Yet he that in it fits, can't say
He founders.

The *Greenland* Chair is very cold,
Tho' it will be too hot to hold
When Whales at *Billingsgate* are sold
For Flounders.

The little Chairs in little Halls,
 Where little proud Mechanick bawls
 Louder than Choristers at *Paul's*,

At base them;

The Work's too great to name 'em through,
 They look the best at Lord Mayor's Show,
 When various Dishes in a row

Do grace them.

The Chairs which travel many a League,
 To carry Ladies to intrigue,
 Are often curs'd by Footman *Teague*,

Indeed Sir;

For he must after run before,
 And cry, *B'your Leave*, to ev'ry Whore,
 Till both his Brogues and Tongue are fore,

With Speed, Sir.

The Flying-Chairs, where Children play,
 And fly their idle Pence away,
 We leave to *Sw——t* for an Effay

On Flying.

We

We next pursue the easy Chair,
 With Cushion soft, for Lady fair,
 O'er-run with Vapours and Despair,
 a Crying.

The Monkey takes to eat his Tail,
 The Parrot drinks and smells of Ale,
 And *Vene's* Stomach seems to fail,
 sad Ditty.

What has she done this to deserve?
 Her Favourites all are like to starve;
 At Night for them she'll Chicken carve,
 in Pity.

This Chair with Idleness and Tea,
 Like Fire and Ague, do agree,
 The only Cure for't is to be
 at Labour.

But of all Chairs, this is the worst,
 'Tis doubly damn'd, and doubly curs'd
 And is with private Scandal nurs'd,
 with Neighbour.

Then

Then there's the scolding maund'ring Chair,
 With this 'tis much upon the Square,
 It causes Melancholy, where

a Heap comes,

The Mistress thus her Bottom eas'd,
 Resolves with nothing to be pleas'd,
 And all the Family are teaz'd
 till Sleep comes.

Nor must the fornicating Chair
 Be quite forgot, since many a M——r,
 And Ald——ns Foundation share
 was handy;

'Tis said old *Lewis* King of *France*,
 Sprung from a Chair, the Child of Chance,
 Got by Nobleman of *Nantes*,
 a Grandee,

Then let not May——rs or Aldermen
 Complain, if they, by Chance, should ken
 The Game-Cock treading Dunghil Hen,
 a Chair in:

By

By Observation Fewds are bred,
And better 'tis to spring i' th' Head,
Than by complaining, be as dead
as Herring.

I wear a Sword, fays modern Player,
When he was caught at Dog and Bear,
Tranfacting in a Closet Chair,
in secret.

The very naming of a Sword,
Like Horn of Bull, the Man so gor'd,
He vow'd he'd take it, (tho' he roar'd)
'thout Regret.

The little Citts should not despise
The Chair, by which they higher rise,
And carry Fronts, to guard their Eyes
and Noses.

A Change in Fowl, in Fish and Flesh,
Imagination does refresh,
And makes the Ladies look as fresh
as Roses.

Why

Why should the Chair be then thought strange?

Since it does but admit a Change,

When we in lively Pleasures range

in Love Toys.

The greatest Monarch, *Israel's Sol*,

No doubt try'd all Ways, *all in all*,

Both in a Chair, and 'gainst a Wall,

To shove Joys.

And if Queen *Bess*, as some will tell us,

Lov'd *Essex*, as the best of Fellows,

A Chair for them, might be as well as

tho' Vulgar,

And better too; for it is said,

A Queen, alone, ne'er goes to Bed,

A Chair no Jealousy could spread,

With full Gear.

Could we distinguish, or divine

Chairs that are Virgins, by a Sign,

From those stamp'd with the current Coin:

What Numbers

Would

Would then be of the latter Sort?
 In Country, City, and in C——t,
 Some few might shew they'd nothing for't
 but Slumbers.

A nice Inspection would not spare
 The infallible St. *Peter's* Chair,
 Pope *Joan* was very merry there:

Meretrix,

She did not fit in Posture so,
 As when the Pilgrims kiss'd her Toe,
 Or, when denouncing heavy Woe
 'gainst Hereticks.

The Chairs in Suburbs, or in City,
 Who, most of all, deserve our Pity,
 Are those of *Molly, Pat* and *Kitty*
 rended.

The Bum of Girl, will not supply
 The Bum of Chair, but out 'twill fly,
 The Wretch has not a Penny by
 To mend it.

C

There's

There's Chairs for Good, and Chairs for Evil,
 Chairs Ecclesiastical and Civil,
 And Chairs that turn upon a Swivel,
 for th' Gouty.

The B——p in his Chair is grave,
 And gives Advice, poor Souls to save,
He is of J—— C—— a Knave,
 don't doubt ye.

In *Cambridge* is an antique Chair,
 That when a Prophet sits him there,
 And sleeps, he dreams of Castles i' th' Air,
 furrounded.

The Nature of it was inquir'd in,
 Why Men of Knowledge should be inspir'd in
 This Chair, and with Inquiries tir'd in,
 they found it.

The Ship in which Sir *Francis Drake*,
 Sail'd round the World, being on the Brake,
 This Chair was made o' the Quarter Deck:
 And thence 'tis,

This

This Chair Ideas does convey
Of Rambling, — then what should we say,
Of a Chair of *Noah's Ark*, to stray
our Senses.

What Pity 'tis, the learned R——l
Society don't make a Trial
Of Chairs to sleep in, and to buy all
Ruines:

Who knows how high a Man might soar,
Sleeping in Chair of *Babel's Tower*,
He'd see this World, and forty more,
new Ones.

Had we of *Archimedes's* Lumber,
Enough to make a Chair for Slumber,
We'd find by Lines in a Cucumber
Longitude.

A Chair o' th' Tree, tho' like a Spire,
Where *George Fox* preach'd to Men in Mire,
A modern Quaker would inspire,
John G—'t would.

But more of Virtue, more of Note,
 Would be a Chair of *Peter's* Boat,
 In that a Man might, sleeping, float
 most purely :

A Chair of *Jacob's* Ladder, made
 To climb to Heaven, would give us Aid;
 A Man in Sleep would be convey'd
 securely.

A thousand Chairs imaginary,
 Might thus be made, to sail, or carry
 Us round the Globe; when we are weary
 dreaming :

Another Chair we now pursue,
 Whence real Pleasure does accrue,
 Which ease the Head and Body too,
 not seeming.

A Couch Chair is of all most easy,
 Invented purely for the Crazy,
 The Time is here past with the Lazy,
 sweetly.

This

This Chair affords a studious Posture
 For Poetry, or *Pater-Noster*,
 A Lady here — one may accost her
 Neatly.

On this Machine vast great Effays,
 Songs, Sermons, Operas, and Plays,
 Were founded in these latter Days;
 The Reading,
 Will make a Man so dull, and sad,
 So sleepy *Cib--r* swears, *By Gad*,
A Couch-Chair is the Place they had
Their Breeding.

The Duke of *Venus*, once a Year,
 Is carry'd on the Sea 'n a Chair;
 And to the Sea is married there,
 No Romance;

In solemn State he casts a Ring
 I'th' Ocean; then the Duke they bring
 Back in the Chair of State, and sing,
 And so dance.

Our

Our Corporation Chairs, for Squires,
 Made Burgeffes, and Knights of Shires,
 Are what the Country much admires,

Like Wake, or Fair-a;
 They mount the Member in the Chair,
 And with Huzzahs on Shoulders bear
 The Country Patriot thro' the Air,

Then rake and swear-a,

But what is such a Chair as this,
 To that of Trading-Justices,
 Who make all People cry, or pifs,

That see 'em :

His Language — *Warrant*, and *Discharge*,
 Those Words are all he speaks, at large,
 Except, *Who Charges?* — *Who d'ye Charge?*

Then see him.

He then goes further — *You, Defendant*,
Have you a mind to make an end on't?
Go drink at — or depend on't,

I'll bind ye.

He

He then as haughty looks, as *Turk*,
And asks the Clerk what other Work
There is, and does it with a Jerk;

But mind ye,

The first sent out disagree, return;
With Look majestic and stern,
He eyes each Party, to discern

Who's most Fool:

For a Discharge the Money's paid,
But he is wise, and is afraid,
Some Wrong may still be done or said

By cross'd Fool.

His Clerk, who is in Trade his Brother,
Takes one aside; he talks to t'other,
And tells him, if they make a Pother,

Come here again.

Warrants on Warrants then succeed,
Whilst scolding Fools fly Villains feed,
And howsoever great their Need,

They swear again.

And

And thus the Chair of Trading-Justice,
Seldom or never full of Dust is,
But Glutt'ny, Ignorance, and Lust is
Conjunctions,
Which they supply by th' Chair; their Court,
It's well all are not of a fort;
Some few with Honour do support
Their Functions.

Old *Busby* was a flogging Cull,
And never School-Boy was so dull,
But trembled at his Chair i'th' School.

Grammatical —

I'th' Chair he frown'd, when Boy did hammer
His Brains, to make a Sentence Grammar,
The Urchin then wou'd shake and stammer,
Why--why--why--what d' call.

A Cag of Vinegar there stood,
By *Busby*; and of Crab-tree Wood
The Chair was made, 'twould sour one's Blood
To see it:

The

The Juice of Limes the Doctor drank,
And for a Blur, or roguish Prank,
He'd mount the Spark and flog his Flank,
And flea it.

So stern his Phiz, no Scholar dare
Look in his Face, but to the Chair.
Each said his Part with utmost Care,
As could be;

This Chair, a Man can have no Ease on't;
Nor in it can a Man be pleasant,
For Critick *Den--s* it a Present
Would be

Enough of Chairs, since more than's good
Are seen, felt, heard, and understood:
The Bench, and Form, and Stool of Wood,
We tell on.

The Bench the Preference has of these,
For from its just and wise Decrees
Do reconcile the Diff'rences
Men dwell on

D

What

What tho' a little harmless Nap,
 At Time unfeas'nable may hap,
 The guilty *Culprit* cannot 'scape

From Justice:

Here Justice is not bought and sold,
 The Trading-Chair alone does hold
 The Wretch, whose Aim is only Gold,
 Which Dust is.

The Bench, it's said, has Qualities,
 To quicken both the Ears and Eyes,
 And make the Understanding wise,

And brighter

Than Easy-Chair, where most, or some,
 Have all their Senses in the Bum,
 And being deaf, and blind, and dumb,
 They loiter.

The Form is a Machine design'd

For Uses of a various Kind,

And often empty Noise and Wind

Confound it:

Its

Its noblest Use is in the Isle
Of Church, where Women eas'd from Toil,
Hear gracious Truths, and not with Guile
Surrounded.

Here *Magdalena's* sigh and weep,
When Priest unriddles Myst'ries deep,
And on this Form they never sleep,
Or lean back,

As lazy Capon-eaters do,
With cushion'd Bum, and hassock'd Shoe,
Securely here they sleep in Pew,
With green Back.

The Playhouse Forms are matted o'er,
Left Patience tir'd the Bum shou'd sore,
When stupid Actors droll before

The Audience:
If all these Forms were stuck with Thorns,
The Hufseys, Planters of the Horns
Would come to jilt, for nothing turns
Baudy hence.

The Forms of Doctor *Busby's* School,
Held Boys whom Fate ordain'd to rule,
From thence there never came a Fool,

Of his Boys;

The greatest Lawyers and Divines,
Physicians, Poets, all that shines
In Verse or Prose sprung from these Mines
Of *Busby's*,

The Stools which Turners do devise,
Differ in Shape, as well as Size,
But that which most of all they prize,
Has four Legs;

This serves the topping fingle Sot,
For Pipes, Tobacco, and a Pot,
When guzzling he the Dropsy's got,
And sore legs.

It's either Chair, or Stool, or Table,
When a poor Creature is not able,
To rise above a Barn, or Stable,
Or Garret.

The

The Stool that wants a Foot of this
 Square Circle or Triangle is,
 And oft' makes Man a Monkey, viz.
 to jeer at.

If to his Wife he is a Fool,
 She threatens the three-footed Stool,
 And flap it goes at Blockhead's Scull,
 'tis addled.

In antient Days 'twas always said,
 With three-leg'd Stool she combs his Head,
 When th' Wife domestick Fewds had bred,
 and battled.

The Apprehension of this Comb,
 Keeps many a merry Man from home,
 That thro' the Streets all Night does roam,
 a Rakeing ;

Whilst his dear *Amazonian* Spouse,
 Sweats, threatens, and a Vengeance vows,
 On his poor Noddle, Eyes and Brows,
 and Bacon.

Had

Had those good Men been thus benos'd,
 Who first our Litany compos'd,
 They'd not a Part of Worship los'd,

so pat as,
*That it may please thee, tho' we stumble,
 To keep our Wives content and humble,
 And not to fight, or scold, or grumble*
at us.

*That it may please thee, to confound
 All three-leg'd Stools, or square, or round,
 With which a poor Man's Head is crown'd,*
or combed.

*L——d, let them suffer in thine Ire,
 Like Sodom in Brimstone, and Fire,
 And with the Murderer, Thief, and Lyar,
 be doomed.*

These Shrews were once kep'd much in Awe,
 By Statute, call'd the Ducking Law,
 Made to restrain the fluent Jaw,
 and Tongue Tye,

The

Huffey of herself too full,
 plagu'd, or comb'd her Husband's Scull,
 fastned in a Ducking Stool,
 no wrong Tye.

she was plung'd, and duck'd, and fous'd,
 Mobb huzzaing, while she dows'd,
 with all her Fire, and Venom rous'd,
 she'd scold then.

at time, the Mobb would still huzzah,
 mind her but as Affes bray,
 when to fouse her, ease away
 their Hold then.

Stool the Author had in View,
 wrote, *the taming of the Shrew*,
 Scene had been entirely new,
 to duck one.

lest the wicked Players rail,
 cause I'd cool a Woman's Tail,
 give them Leave without a Veil,
 to —————

The

The Close Stool might some People please,
Because it is a Place of Ease;

But it consists of Dregs and Lees,
and Savours.

So much of Afterings behind,
And Dirt, incorporate with Wind,
None like (as ever I could find)

its Flavours.

F I N I S.